thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if hee ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falſtalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why *Percy*, I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.

A retreat is ſounded.

Prince The Trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, lets to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Falſ. Ile follow, as they ſay, for reward; He that rewardes me,
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow leſſe? for Ile purge,
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould doe.

Exit.

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

King Thus euer did Rebellion finde rebuke,
Ill ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafetie vrg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prince The noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent,
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King